

QUILL



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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

DR. NORMAN C. MEIER'S article on "Public Opinion Polls and the 1940 Campaign," which appeared in the December issue of THE QUILL, has brought the following interesting letter from Julian Capers, Jr., of Longview, Texas:

To the Editor:

I have been reading with great interest the article "Public Opinion Polls and the 1940 Campaign," by Dr. Norman C. Meier in the December number of THE QUILL.

As a former political reporter and Washington correspondent, I am deeply impressed by what I believe to be a fundamental misconception of the form of Government under which we Americans live. I have seen no better recent illustration than Dr. Meier's opening paragraph from which I quote: "In a democracy where public opinion theoretically guides the nation, legislators are expected to know the wishes of constituents and be guided thereby. As a matter of practical necessity, however, congressmen find it humanly impossible to know what even a tiny fraction of their district thinks and hence end up by using their own best judgment."

Using their own best judgment is exactly what Congressmen are expected and supposed to do, under the conception which the framers of our American republican form of government had in mind when they organized it. We are a representative democracy, rather than a pure democracy which failed as a workable form of government in Athens more than 2,000 years ago, and has been failing in Russia since shortly after World War No. 1. There is ample historical evidence that the men who founded the American republic were familiar with, discussed and discarded the pure democracy of Athens in favor of our representative democracy which they called a republican form of government.

The inherent dangers of mob rule, through legislators who would be nothing but glorified messenger boys, rather than statesmen who "used their best judgment," were apparent to those who created our Congress. The spectacle of the French democracy, where governments rose and fell with the dizzying frequency of the changing whims of the mob, and the resulting collapse of the leaderless nation in war, ought to be a lesson to Americans.

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Stories of Significance to All America Would Result If Coverage Were Better Along the Business Beat



Volney B. Fowler

By VOLNEY B. FOWLER

Public Relations Dept., General Motors Corp.

AMERICA, I am ready to argue with anyone, has not only the most intellectually honest and courageous press in the world, but also the best manned.

In the matter of steadfast intent to present a dispassionate, accurate and complete picture of what's going on in the world that is significant, we are as far ahead of the rest of the world as we are in industrial development. But, just as in industrial development, there's room for improvement.

Particularly is there room for improvement in the coverage of business news, a field of news of importance to the public.

For the purposes of this discussion, *business* is taken to cover all of the ramifications of the production and distribution of goods and services—outside the learned professions. For the past ten years the public eye has been focused upon this conglomerate mass which we call *business* as never before in our history. There is no sign of cessation of interest in the subject, especially since such a great share of preparation for national defense has been handed to industry.

WOUND up somewhere in practically every question of public policy that has been up in the past ten years has been some phase of business. Periodically, at least, the politicians have to go back to the people for indorsement of their decisions. If the public has no accurate conceptions of business and its leaders, or rather if the public has inaccurate conceptions, it is going to be far easier for unwise political leaders to continue practices which are inimical, in the long run, to the public welfare.

There are few newspapermen who will deny that it is the job of the press to present all sides of the news. I wonder, though, how many have given much consideration as to whether the composite

public impression of a given activity or group to which all the innumerable articles printed over a long period add up is the correct one.

Apply this line of thinking to what pops into the mind of the average man today when you say *Business Man*. Now, no one has stated persistently and specifically that a *Business Man* is a person with aims inimical to the personal welfare of Mr. Average Citizen but there has been plenty of evidence in late years that whatever is connoted by that awful word *Tycoon* is what flashes across his brain. And yet, I'll bet that when you reflect upon those you happen to personally know who are engaged in production, selling or the necessary services, they are people you trust and like.

I haven't the slightest notion of indicating that the press has had any intention whatever of being a party to the creation of such an impression. In fact, the press

has gone right on doing a pretty good job of accurately reporting what news of business it has printed. But, and this brings us to the crux of the whole matter, the press hasn't covered the *WHOLE* story of American business by a long shot.

It has, I humbly believe, presented a lop-sided picture. And why and how? Well, pick up any daily newspaper for a week and analyze the stories of business. By far the greater proportion of them come from just two sources:

No. 1—Wall Street

No. 2—The Government

OBVIOUSLY, these two news sources should be well covered. And they have been. And there is no reason whatever for a reduction of the volume of news flowing out of these important centers. But I contend that letting it go at that results in a lop-sided picture in the public mind because—

WHAT is the attitude of American business toward the American press? Can the relations between the two be improved? Should they be? And, if so, how?

Few men are as well fitted for a discussion of these and similar questions as Volney B. Fowler, a working newspaperman for 15 years and for the last 11 years in business, always in some capacity involving close contact with the press. Mr. Fowler, who disclaims any intention of being regarded as an agent for business, first voiced these observations at the 25th convention of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, in Des Moines.

A Hoosier, Mr. Fowler attended DePauw University between periods as a reporter on the Marion (Ind.) Chronicle and the Kokomo (Ind.) Dispatch. He served as assistant business manager of the Marion (Ind.) Association of Commerce before joining the Indianapolis Times staff in 1917. With the exception of Army service during the first World War and with an advertising agency in Indianapolis during 1920, he remained with the Times until August, 1929, serving as reporter, city editor and managing editor. He was city editor in 1928 when the paper won the Pulitzer Prize.

He joined the publicity section of the Export Division of General Motors Corp. on leaving the Times and served in Europe in 1931. During 1932 he was publicity director for the Indiana Association for Tax Justice and the Hoosier Taxpayers' Association. In December, 1932, he rejoined General Motors, handling press relations in the Detroit office. He now has charge of the press relations of the General Engines Group of the corporation.

First: The news out of Wall Street is predominantly dollars and cents, important but the coldest, least human pillar of the whole business structure.

Second: For seven and a half years, Washington has been the focal point for political attacks upon business and the people in it.

Some of you certainly feel like popping up at this point with the observation: "Well, why didn't business present its side of the picture? Why didn't business get itself a good leader, a good spokesman and thunder back at them? We'd have been delighted to print it."

I have no doubt that you would but, gentlemen, there's just no such animal as a spokesman for American business and I don't believe there ever will be—or ought to be. If we ever reach the point where one man, or even one committee, has the real authority to shout out that he or it represents all of the complex and conflicting interests of American business there will be no American business as we know it now.

Hitler and Mussolini are the only two—shall I say *business men*?—who have worked that one out. The American business man, being just another average citizen in most cases, like practically all other American citizens, just wants to be let alone to do his job. Sporadic attempts to organize him into associations for the dissemination of favorable propaganda have fallen with dismal thuds. It's like trying to organize an association of THE PUBLIC. The recent election seems to indicate that there is a slight divergence of views in THE PUBLIC.

There is nothing quite so comic to those in business as the occasional charge that business is banded together in some devilish sort of super-association for the purpose of pulling the wool over the public eye.

If you ever did try to form such an organization the first thing that would happen, Americans being the instinctive competitors that they are, would be a reverberating argument over what kind of wool ought to be used and whether it should be a yard wide and who's going to get the business. The very fact that there isn't such a thing as an American business bloc seems to me to be all to the good.

By the same token, however, it is all to the bad from the public standpoint if a warped conception of so important a factor in the public life is held by the public.

THE solution of the problem of presenting well-rounded information about business is simple, and workable. It's simply:

Get more news of business from business.

I do not advocate that there be any lessening of journalistic vigilance in Wall Street and in Washington. I merely urge that the press round out the picture with news of what actually is going on in business, gathered on the spot, from business men.

The best illustration of what I am talking about is an example of what good newspapers are NOT doing now. In Detroit there are three excellent daily news-

papers. I don't think there is any question whatever about the intent of all three to present a dispassionate, accurate, comprehensive report, tailored to reading tastes and the individual editors' ideas of what affects the welfare of the populace.

Through several years of sporadic and serious labor difficulties these three newspapers have, to my mind, been quite unbiased in their coverage of strikes. Whenever labor trouble threatens, competent reporters are right on the job. But during the off season, when business in Detroit is going quietly about its job—which more or less happens to be pumping the economic life blood of Detroit—there will be periods of weeks when not a solitary Detroit reporter will come near the central offices of Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, fairly important business institutions, I think we would all agree.

And, during some six years that I sat on a desk where I was the point of contact with the press for one of these companies, I can recall few times during periods of industrial peace when the same reporter ever called upon me twice in succession.

On the other hand, these same newspapers regularly assign at least two men throughout the baseball season, and at least one, the year around, to do practically nothing but follow the fortunes of the Detroit Tigers.

THIS is not overemphasis of sports. I merely highlight the sports coverage to accent the lack of coverage of local business. I don't believe it would be possible to get the volume of intimate detail out of business that is presented about sports and sports personalities, nor would there be any particular occasion for it. And I am quite ready to admit that the job of getting news out of business—at the outset—is going to be a tough one for any reporter assigned to it.

Such is the state of the attitude of the average business man toward the press—and all through this I am including the radio newscasters—that the average business man would just as soon not talk with reporters for publication. We might as well be realistic about it if we're going to get anywhere with this discussion—he'd rather not talk with newspaper men.

Which brings us to one of the other good reasons why there should be better coverage of business. The standing of the American press with the average business man is not too good. Some of the hottest arguments I have ever had since I left a newspaper editorial room have been with business men, some important, some unimportant, over whether printed news can be relied upon.

If we finally come to grips in this country on the freedom of the press—and I don't think that the thought is entirely fantastic—it is going to be of considerable value to have this large group believing thoroughly in the honest intent of the press, whatever its human and mechanical limitations.

THERE may be some question as to whether there is in business sufficient

news of interest and public importance to warrant the expense and effort of assigning competent men to get it. Six months on a publicity job would convince any editor. The old "fire horse" in an ex-newspaper man who has jumped over the fence, rises frequently when he sees so many good stories going to waste. It takes some knowledge of business but very little imagination to get hunches for interesting and significant stories that can be gotten from business.

New automobile model time approaches. A fair to middling reporter can dig around in almost any American city of 25,000 or more and discover a factory that is putting more men to work because of an order for a million funny looking little parts. Many other industries draw parts from widely scattered sources.

Three months after June graduation. How many college and high school graduates actually got jobs in your town?

Conversely, can a man over 40 get a job in Oskaloosa? You'll probably uncover some fine human interest material in some of the old-timers who bob up.

Contrasts of old and new methods of doing things in factories. It may surprise many readers to learn that the new methods put more men to work on easier, better paying jobs.

New products usually are very interesting. American trade papers are scooping the sox off the newspapers. Go to the public library regularly and browse through the new products section of the hundreds of trade papers there.

Now and then something new made right in the old home town will pop out of the page at you. I noticed the other day in a yachting paper, of all things, that a fellow in a small Mid-West city had come out with a new kind of window screen. He wires many thin little metal slats together so they are cocked at an angle like the slats of a Venetian blind. The screen shuts off direct rays of the sun but lets more light through than a Venetian blind, and the tiny slats are so close together that mosquitoes and flies can't get through. Flies, mosquitoes, blinds, screens, garden variety stuff touching the life of everyone. The industrial woods are full of good stories.

Obviously, these are feature hunches. To get a flow of the news of business that involves really digging beneath the surface, a small percentage of which isn't going to be as entirely favorable as the president of the local wire works would like to have it, requires something more than hunches.

HERE'S what I think it takes:

1. Assign men to the job who either have had some slight experience in a factory, store or other business enterprise, or who have had some college training in economics. If a mature reporter with this background isn't available assign the right youngster.

2. Patiently and sympathetically develop him. Make sure that this man is really interested in getting and writing this kind of news, although I'm pretty sure

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Here's How a Press Association Bureau "Carries On"



Charles A. Smith

When Nazi Bombs Drop on London!

By CHARLES A. SMITH

London Bureau, International News Service

PERHAPS you newsmen in the U. S. A. would be interested in the air raid setup of a press association bureau in London.

So here is an outline of how we operate "under fire," so to speak:

Immediately on the sounding of an air raid alarm—the nearest public siren is not more than 50 yards from us and sets up an ear-piercing wail—a member of the staff goes onto the roof to act as official "spotter" and reporter.

Members of the staff remaining in the office do not immediately take shelter, but don steel or miners' helmets—the miners' helmets are of special construction and are mainly to enable men to continue work at typewriters, teleprinters, etc., without fear of being hurt by flying glass—and stand by for further word.

So many of the daylight raids have not been productive of central activity that it would be mere timewasting to seek shelter on every warning, but we have to bear in mind that occasionally there is central activity, and that real danger then arises. Hence the above precautions.

IMMEDIATELY there is any sign of unusual activity, a senior staffer usually joins the watcher on the roof for special reporting purposes. Communication is maintained with the office two floors below, by a bell alarm system. One ring on the alarm, which sounds in the cable room, means aircraft within hearing; two rings, gunfire in distance; three rings, German planes approaching; four rings, all clear sounding.

On the sounding of the three alarm signal, all staffers are ordered out of the office into the shelter, and only one senior man, usually myself or the man next in charge who happens to be in the office, keeps watch at an open telephone to the cable company, ready to duck if bomb dropping commences in the vicinity.

The roof man, of course, immediately

comes down after giving the three alarm and joins those in the shelter. Usually the period spent in the shelter is very brief, since these things happen and are over in a matter of seconds, but occasionally in the daytime and usually at night very lengthy periods, sometimes amounting to an hour or more, have to be spent below ground.

The nervous tension and strain is of course tremendous, even during the daytime, since it is only a matter of seconds before a bomber formation first sighted miles away in the east or west is on top of the building.

OPERATIONS are possible from the shelter, but on a restricted basis. We have a large section walled and curtained off for our special use—about 30 ft. by 20 ft. In this section we have a long worktable with drawers, one small typing table, typewriters, spikes, several ordinary chairs, two deep armchairs, several campbeds, sleeping bags, a first aid kit, electric fan to keep the air as fresh as possible, benches, and other paraphernalia.

It is obviously pretty crowded, particularly when a full day or night staff has to be accommodated, but it is better than being above ground. Our section is about 20 feet below ground, and there are seven floors of our concrete and steel constructed building on top. Even so, con-

cussion frequently shakes the place right to its foundations, while incendiaries have caused one or two scares.

By an ingenious switch system, one of our telephone lines is thrown from our bureau switchboard into the shelter whenever the necessity arises. It operates entirely independently of the switchboard, which could be destroyed without affecting the special shelter line. Thus we can maintain telephonic contact with the cable companies, outside sources like the M.O.I., during a raid. This has proven invaluable. We also have access to yet another telephone, operating through a switchboard, in an adjacent shelter section.

Unfortunately, I have not been able to have duplicate tickers or teleprinters installed and there is considerable danger in coming up into the cable room every five or ten minutes, particularly during a heavy raid, to collect copy.

You will gather from the above that operations are not exactly pleasant or easy during the periods spent in the shelter. It is for this reason that so many answers to queries, particularly at night, point out the impossibility of giving an immediate answer. There is no lack of initiative in these matters. Conditions simply prohibit us from being immediately on top of every inquiry without constantly endangering staffers.

[Concluded on page 18]

NAZI planes may be raining death and destruction from the skies but there is work to be done by the London representatives of American newspapers and press associations. And they do it—come what may!

Charles A. Smith, who tells in the accompanying matter-of-fact yet dramatic article how the London INS bureau "carries on," is dean of that bureau. An Englishman, he is one of the few, if not the only Britisher ever taken into the American Correspondents' Association in London.

He began his long and brilliant career with INS in 1921 after having served in the London offices of the Philadelphia Public Ledger and the New York Times. He has toured Canada and most European countries. His knowledge of the inner-workings of the British government and its diplomatic moves and his handling of many major stories have brought him recognition as one of the leading journalistic authorities on the Chamberlain and Churchill governments.



Al. P. Nelson

I'VE been given the "razzberry" more than once in my life, and I'm quite certain that quite a few fellows will give me the razzberry after reading this article. Especially will this be true of those young, talented graduates of schools of journalism throughout the nation, many of whom perhaps are wearing out shoe leather making the rounds, looking for jobs.

And here is why some of these skeptics will give me the razzberry. I'm going to make the statement that there are at least 500 jobs open in a new, journalistic field; and if I were optimistic I could just as easily stretch this figure to 1,000.

Where?

In the mimeograph publishing field.

AND right now, all dyed-in-the-wool printers, newspaper publishers and the like will silently curse me, for they have a distinctive dislike of "mimeographing" except for auxiliary purposes. However, let it be known that there are today quite a few weekly and even daily mimeographed shoppers guides (dare we call them newspapers as yet?) in cities and towns throughout the nation, and the surprising fact is that many of them are really money-makers in greater proportion than small dailies or weeklies, because of their low materials cost.

These mimeographed publications, containing either all advertisements or advertisements and a limited amount of news have made stiff competition for small dailies and weeklies in many localities. They are spreading to all parts of the nation as alert young men, seeing the possibilities in the field are entering it with a crusading fervor.

When you stop to consider that a young man with some theoretical or practical knowledge of journalism can set himself up in the mimeograph publishing business with a capital outlay of from \$200 to \$500, depending on whether he wants new or used equipment, and make a living right off the bat, then you have some idea of what has been done, and what can be done

Looking for a Job? Here's a Tip for You

By AL. P. NELSON

in this field. And what college graduate can't get down on his knees to a spinster aunt, or a gouty uncle and beg for a loan of a couple of hundred dollars, in case he can't hock his personal belongings for a like amount of money?

I don't say that a graduate who aspires some day to be editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* or the *Chicago Tribune* will find the mimeograph publishing business something to satisfy his ambition. But it will provide a dandy foothold on the climb upward, will give him his bread and butter, with some pie and ice cream thrown in. Last, but certainly not least, this business will give him practical business and publishing experience which will prove invaluable in later years. What better proving ground for the young journalist? What better spot to earn while he learns in this modern age when the shadow of unemployment darkens even the journalistic classroom?

I know mimeograph publishers who gross from \$2,000 to \$7,000 a year advertising revenue in their sheets. Not much, you will say. Listen, brother, you haven't heard the whole story. The rate of profit in this game averages 50 per cent or better on the gross income. NOW, does it look a little different? You can live like a king in a small town on from \$100 to \$250 a month.

WHAT equipment is needed to start a mimeographed publication?

Not much. A used mimeograph or duplicator, a stencil board, some stencils,

some paper, some ink, a typewriter and a hole in the wall for an office, will get you by if you are short on capital. Then you draw up a dummy of your paper on a stencil, with a name such as *Podunk Reminder*, *Gazette*, *Good Morning*, etc., set up a scale of advertising rates, varying from 20 cents per column inch to 50 cents or so, and go out and sell ads. The one-man shops sell ads during the day and stencil them in at night. Three employees is a crowd in the average mimeograph publication office.

Distribution? It's all free. The idea is to cover every home in a specified territory. That's what the advertisers like.

Circulation of these publications varies from 800 to 4,000, depending on the territory. Whether you make your publication a daily or a weekly depends on how hard you want to work. Personally, I prefer a weekly. This gives you more chance to do a good job on layout and stenciling.

Costs of production? The average small town weekly will charge you about \$70 to print an eight page tabloid, 1,200 copies. The same number of pages, mimeographed in your own shop, will cost you about \$8 for materials. To this you must add your own labor, for it is assumed that you will actually work at it yourself instead of sitting behind a desk smoking scented cigarettes. If the average printed weekly in an average town gets \$100 worth of advertising a week, it is doing well. Your mimeographed paper can carry \$70 to \$90

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THIS article by Al. P. Nelson, of Delafield, Wis., treats of a subject more cussed than discussed in journalistic circles to date—the mimeographed publication. Mr. Nelson, you will note, is NOT advocating the introduction of such papers in towns where papers already are printed—rather as a field of opportunity for young men seeking a foothold in the publishing world.

Mr. Nelson, who was graduated from Marquette University in 1926, has worked since that time on several weekly newspapers, was vice-president of a large printing firm, has edited several national business publications and four sectional publications, has written nine western adventure books and had them published, as well as more than 50 short stories.

In addition, he has had some 4,000 articles published in various business, general and farm magazines and newspaper syndicated material. He started the *Delafield Gazette* nearly three years ago. His full time job is the associate editorship of *The Feed Bag*, Milwaukee, Wis., a national feed merchandising publication.

Sigma Delta Chi Lays Foundation for National Program To Mark Historic Sites In American Journalism

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Editor, the Publishers' Auxiliary
Past President, Sigma Delta Chi



Elmo Scott Watson

"Now that Newspaper Week has come and gone, the thought occurs that various journalistic organizations, particularly Sigma Delta Chi, should undertake a cooperative program with state, local and national historical, civic and patriotic organizations toward marking the various shrines of journalism.

"The United States, after these many years, is taking interest and pride in its figures of history and the background of significant events against which they moved. Various states and organizations have undertaken to erect markers designating historic spots. Organizations are preserving historic buildings, restoring others and assembling collections of valuable relics and mementoes of leaders in various fields.

"Journalism has been slow to honor its own. In recent years, Journalism Halls of Fame in various leading schools and departments of journalism have taken the initial steps to correct this neglect. Through their efforts, the journalistic figures of their respective states are being honored, their contributions to their state, nation and profession perpetuated.

"Other steps have been taken recently in the same direction, perhaps indicating a trend which we hope will continue. . . . The reading public should know and appreciate its newspapers more. Newspaper Week will

help, but why stop at the designation of a week? Why not a continuous program of telling the stories behind the headlines, of the men who gather the news? Why not a co-operative program of effort to perpetuate the names and deeds of those who, through their pens, contribute and have contributed as much to democracy as those who wield the sword?" (From an editorial, "Shrines of Journalism," in the October, 1940, issue of *THE QUILL*.)

THUS was the seed of a new idea sowed by Editor Ralph Peters of *THE QUILL*. It began to sprout at the 1940 convention of Sigma Delta Chi in Des Moines in November and the first fruits will be harvested in 1941, for the executive council, at one of its meetings in the Iowa capital, recommended that the marking of historic sites, connected with the history of American journalism, be made a part of the fraternity's awards program, and the convention unanimously adopted the recommendation.

It also authorized the new president of the fraternity to appoint a committee to carry forward this new Sigma Delta Chi project in co-operation with national, regional and state press associations, especially those groups which sponsor the

annual observance of National Newspaper Week.

Informal discussion in the council meeting and the convention session, which adopted its recommendation, developed a number of interesting ideas which will be made available to the committee to aid it in formulating plans for this project. Among these suggestions were the following:

Each year one "Shrine of American Journalism" would be designated by Sigma Delta Chi, as a national organization, to be marked with a suitable memorial. The dedication of this memorial would be held during National Newspaper Week and would be in charge of the nearest undergraduate or professional chapter of the fraternity, with national and state press associations and historical, civic and patriotic organizations co-operating in the ceremonies.

Undergraduate and professional chapters would be encouraged to sponsor, as a part of their professional activities program, the marking of sites connected with the history of journalism in their states and invite the co-operation of state and local press groups and state and local historical, civic and patriotic organizations. The marking of these sites could be done in connection with the chapter's annual celebration of Founder's Day; it could be staged as a part of the annual convention of the state press association; or, in the case of chapters located at institutions where there is a Journalism Hall of Fame, the unveiling of the marker could be tied in with the annual Journalism Hall of Fame ceremonies.

A group of distinguished historians, including those noted for their researches in and contributions to

FEW men are more interested in American history—including the history of journalism—than Elmo Scott Watson, editor of Publishers' Auxiliary and past national president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

Few, if any, individuals have written as many popular historical feature articles for newspaper readers. He has written more than 2,000,000 words of such material in the last 12 years—and is still going strong.

It is doubly fitting, therefore, that he prepared the accompanying article which discusses Sigma Delta Chi's latest addition to its steadily growing program of activities intended to perpetuate journalistic achievements of the past and to foster the further development of journalism in the future.

Prior to becoming editor of Publishers' Auxiliary and a lecturer in journalism in the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University in 1924, Mr. Watson had taught journalism at the University of Illinois and had worked as a newspaperman in Colorado Springs, Colo., and Champaign, Ill.

the history of American journalism, would be invited to act as an advisory committee in suggesting sites which might be marked, in helping determine accurately these sites and in aiding the fraternity's "Shrines of Journalism" committee in various other ways.

Sigma Delta Chi, through the work of these two committees, would act as a clearing house for information concerning the history of American journalism and would offer its services to local historical, civic or patriotic organizations which might, at any time, desire to honor in some way journalists in their communities.

National headquarters of the fraternity would be made a depository for books, manuscripts and other materials relating to the history of American journalism to aid in supplying such information and to be used by research workers in the field of American journalism.

THE entire project offers a rich opportunity to Sigma Delta Chi to be of increased usefulness to the profession, for, as Editor Peters' editorial stated, "journalism has been slow to honor its own." The number of memorials to journalists, to publications and to events in journalistic history is insignificant, compared to the number of monuments which have been erected to historic personages and events in other fields of American life.

In Alton, Ill., stands a slim, granite column nearly 100 feet high, surmounted by a 17-foot bronze figure of Victory. This monument commemorates the heroism of Elijah Parish Lovejoy, slain by a mob in 1837 because he persisted in his determination to campaign for the abolition of slavery through the editorial columns of his *Alton Observer*.

If this martyr to the freedom of the press deserves such an impressive memorial, surely those other martyrs in the same cause—James King of William in California and Don Mellett of Canton, Ohio—are deserving of some sort of enduring monument.

A little church in Westchester County, New York, recently was designated as a memorial to John Peter Zenger, famed as our earliest defender of press freedom and the editor whose trial and acquittal in 1735 was "the dawn of that liberty which afterwards revolutionized America." But no such honor has yet been paid to other valiant journalists who suffered imprisonment for daring to publish the truth.

Among these might be mentioned the victims of the Alien and Sedition Laws of President John Adams' administration, notably Anthony Haswell, publisher of the *Vermont Gazette*, or *Freeman's Depository* at Bennington, the second paper established in Vermont.

Haswell has other claims to distinction besides his sufferings in the cause of a free press. He was an apprentice to Isaiah Thomas, America's earliest press historian and publisher of the *Massachusetts Spy*.

At one time, Haswell was in charge of that famous Revolutionary war newspaper. He also was the publisher of the *Vermont Almanac* and he was an early American balladeer.

IN Crampton's Gap, on South Mountain, in Maryland, stands a huge arch—the War Correspondents' Memorial Arch, erected by George Alfred Townsend, the "Gath" of Civil war fame, to honor his fellow reporters of the War Between the States. But there is no memorial of any sort to mark either the birthplace or the grave of the first American war correspondent—and, incidentally, the first of ANY nation.

Historians of American journalism usually credit George Wilkins Kendall, founder of the New Orleans *Picayune*, with being "the first war correspondent" because he accompanied Generals Taylor and Scott into Mexico in 1846-47 and sent dispatches back to his paper by pony express service to Vera Cruz and then by boat to New Orleans.

But research in recent years by a Louisiana editor, Elrie Robinson of the St. Francisville *Democrat*, indicate that the honor of "first" should be given to James Morgan Bradford, son of John Bradford, (founder of the *Kentucky Gazette*, the second newspaper published west of the Alleghenies) and founder of the *Orleans Gazette and Commercial Advertiser* in 1804.

John M. Bradford later moved to St. Francisville where he established a newspaper called the *Time Piece* and during the War of 1812 enlisted in "Old Hickory" Jackson's army to help resist the British invasion of Louisiana soil. Bradford not only performed his duties as a soldier but, true journalist that he was, sent back to his paper news of the military operations in which he was a participant, including the historic Battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815.

Reviews of the recently-published "A.P.: The Story of News" invariably have mentioned the name of another war correspondent whose chief claim to fame is that he lost his life in battle with the Indians. He was Mark Kellogg, representative of the Bismarck (N. D.) *Tribune* and the New York *Herald* and a "string" correspondent for the *Associated Press*, who died with Gen. Custer on the barren slope above the Little Big Horn River in Montana on June 25, 1876.

But Kellogg was not the first correspondent to lose his scalp to the red man. That dubious distinction belongs to Ridgeway Glover, "artist-correspondent" for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, who was killed near Fort Phil Kearney in "Ab-Sa-Ra-Ka, Land of Massacre" (Wyoming) in the summer of 1866.

If the Lovejoys, the Kings and the Melletts, who gave their lives in line of editorial duty, are deserving of memorials, then simple tablets, at least, might be placed on the Little Big Horn and the Fort Phil Kearney battlefields recording how Mark Kellogg and Ridgeway Glover died in line of reportorial duty.

THE same issue of *THE QUILL*, in which was printed the "Shrines of Journalism" editorial, also carried an article appropriate to the celebration of the centennial of Thomas Nast's birth.

Since he was born in Germany and died in Guayaquil, Ecuador, it would not be practicable to place a tablet on the site of his birth or of his death. But surely there must be places, where he worked as cartoonist for *Harper's Weekly*, where he drew those immortal cartoons which gave us our party symbols, the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey, or where he helped "make history" by smashing the notorious Tweed Ring, which would offer an appropriate location for a memorial to this greatest artist-journalist of all time. Some time, perhaps, such a memorial will be erected.

Some time, too, perhaps, the exact location of "Pewter Platter Alley" in Philadelphia will be determined and there will be placed a tablet commemorating the fact that Benjamin Towne here in the summer of 1783 published the first daily newspaper in the United States—the *Pennsylvania Evening Post*. For Towne's issuing of that paper as a daily preceded by 15 months the first publication, by John Dunlap and D. C. Claypoole, of the *Pennsylvanian Packet and Daily Advertiser*, which is usually credited with being the "first American daily."

Incidentally, it was Towne who first brought on to the American scene those leather-lunged lads who bawl "Wuxtry! Wuxtry!" in your ear. For his was the first paper to be hawked upon the streets by newsboys and it thereby antedated the New York *Sun*, usually credited with being the "first" to be sold thus, by a full 50 years!

THIS list of American journalists, still awaiting recognition in the form of some durable memorial to be erected on the site of their birthplaces, on the walls of the building where they helped forward the progress of American journalism or over the graves which mark "30" to their careers, could be extended indefinitely.

It would include, among many, many others: William Parks, founder of two *Gazettes* in two colonies—Maryland and Virginia; A. S. Abell, founder of two great newspapers—the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and the *Baltimore Sun*; Thomas Paine, the journalist-pamphleteer, whose words, uttered during the darkest days of the Revolution, still thunder down the ages; Oliver Penn Nixon, who made the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* "the Middle West Farmer's Bible" and one of the greatest "moulders of public opinion" this country has ever known.

Also Ben: Perley Poore of the Boston *Journal*, who deserves to be remembered not just because of that unique spelling of his name, nor because he was one of the reporters who covered Lincoln's nomination for President in 1860, but because he was a "gossip writer" par excellence long before Walter Winchell was ever born; Joseph Dennie, publisher of the

[Concluded on page 18]

Stories May Come and Stories May Go, But, So It Seems, These "Eternal Verities" Will Go On Forever!

By WILLIAM M. LONG

ON our paper we call them "Eternal Verities." It may be, as we apply it, an original denotation.

I've never before heard them called that on any of the several other newspapers whose business managers have signed my ever-insufficient weekly checks. But the "verities" themselves are about as original as the phrase we call them by. No one knows who first used them, and the human mind can't grasp a figure approximating the number of times they may have been used while crossing the continents.

They've girdled the world, time and again. Perhaps newspapers of each language have their own set, or possibly as the "verities" cross a border they are pounced upon and translated. But they have certainly been places and seen things, these "verities," no matter what languages they may command.

They've been printed on slick paper and on the coarsest of newsprint. They've seen the light of circulation in six point solid and ten on twelve. They've been set in 12 em lines, 13 em lines, 19 and 24½ ems to plug in at the bottom of editorial columns. They've been run under stories that have told of wars being declared and babies being born, of special sessions of congress and presidents' inaugural addresses, they've followed Mrs. Hoofenpuff's bridge party and filled that half inch on days when Aunt Harriet's mail was light and she checked out early to practice what she preaches against.

In their transcontinental tours and world cruises, the "verities" often serve disciplinary ends. The reporter who

didn't get his story, the cub who brought in the yarn on "man bites dog," the society neophyte who supplied a "Mrs." before the name of the town's best-known spinster, the devil who didn't sweep under the desks, all may be given a knife or a pair of scissors and a handful of exchanges and set to clipping "eternal verities"—possibly the same "verities" the paper carried a week or ten years before, but that doesn't matter.

OCCASIONALLY they're mildly humorous, these "eternal verities." Sometimes (no make-up man ever thinks of reading them—he just counts the lines) their position makes for the sort of thing the fellows point out to one another and chuckle about throughout the day.

For example, *Editor and Publisher* carried a story in "Short Takes" telling of some paper that followed the big society story of the day, a prominent wedding, with a "verity" which stated that the chance of human quintuplets being born is one in five billion, or some such figure. There, gentlemen, you will quickly recognize an "eternal verity" that made good!

Again, a typographical error will touch up a dull little verity with humor and make it the most-read story in the edition. We once announced at the bottom of column five, page one, that "one hundred of the most important chemical discoveries were made by men under 5." It would probably never have been read if it had gone through as per copy, "under 35," but as it was every darned reader, it seemed, dropped in to tell us he doubted it.



William M. Long

Before their eternal course was begun, the little "verities" were probably the result of not-too-painstaking research on someone's part—but no one knows whose. Obviously they were milled out by some reporter or reporters with a typewriter on one knee and an encyclopedia on the desk, or vice versa; it makes no difference unless the reporter should go berserk and write, "Few reporters can type accurately with a typewriter on one knee while thumbing an encyclopedia resting on the other knee." He'd have to be crazy to write an "eternal verity" like that. It's too long.

They aren't important. As far as the newspaperman is concerned, all they do is fill space that is a bit mean to fit with regular news (unless you care to run in someone's "pleasant callers" from the personal column).

What of it? you say. Foul, I cry, turning to the referee. If there is one question that is absolutely unfair and totally without sportsmanship in regard to the "eternal verities" or a discussion of them, it is, what of it?

THE reason I happen to be writing this is because I've just spent an hour clipping "verities." It isn't so bad, really. For example, I've learned for the first time that:

"No spot in the British Isles is more than 80 miles from the sea."

"The multispar, cellular wing built for the government is reported to be able to withstand sub-machinegun fire."

"There are approximately 500,000 miles of railroads in the world." (And still I can't get to my home across the state without three stop-overs.)

"The average number of eggs in a shad roe is from 30,000 to 40,000." (As you clip it, you pray that no reader will write the editor asking who counted 'em.)

[Concluded on page 18]

HERE'S a lively little piece on those highly important, unusually informative, too little appreciated, nuggets of knowledge which appear in the nation's press as filler items.

William M. Long, who pays the tribute, terms them the "eternal verities." He will be remembered as the author of the interesting article "Supposing You Lost Your Job," which appeared in *The Quill* for July, 1940. We're happy that he chose to play a return engagement.

Long, who began newspaper work as a devil on the weekly in his home town, worked on the campus paper and magazines while an undergraduate at the University of Missouri, from which he was graduated in 1936. He spent a little less than a year on the *Tri-County News*, of Horton, Kan., and since then has been managing editor of the *Southwest Daily Times*, of Liberal, Kan.



The
Capitol

139 Years Ago This January, C Covering th

By LYLE C. W

Manager, Washington Bureau

DURING the first week of January, 1802, the editor of the *National Intelligencer* addressed to the president of the United States Senate a request that space be provided on the Senate floor for persons to report debates.

On January 8 the *Intelligencer* proudly reported the result of its initiative. The Senate had approved that request by a vote of 17 to 9. That was the origin of the Senate Press Gallery and of the corps of Washington Correspondents.

Here is what the *Intelligencer* had to say of the adoption of the resolution which actually founded the corps of Washington reporters:

"On the adoption of the resolution, which opens a new door to public information and which may be considered as a prelude to a more genuine sympathy between the Senate and the People of the United States, than may have heretofore subsisted, by rendering each better acquainted with the other, we congratulate, without qualification, every friend to the true principles of our Republican institutions."

The gentleman's prose style was involved. But he had the right idea.

FROM that beginning, the men who seek the news have moved steadily forward in Washington to new facilities, and new responsibilities.

Some explorers of the history of newspapering in Washington suggest that statesmen over the years have provided reporters with better and better facilities because of some desire for reward. It is suggested that they may be seeking a "good press" or the favor of the men who write the news.

To some extent that probably is true. But I feel that most of our gains and the sound and substantial position now occupied by the newspapermen and women of Washington are due largely to the initiative of journalism itself.

Many years elapsed after the press put foot on the Senate floor before there was another and similar major development of that kind. It was just 45 years ago, and I quote from "The Washington Correspondents," written by Leo C. Rosten:

"In 1895," Rosten wrote, "a reporter for the *Washington Star*, William W. Price, had begun the practise of standing outside the gates of the White House, interviewing visitors as they came out. Other correspondents followed suit and soon this catch-as-catch-can interviewing became a common practice. President Theodore Roosevelt saw Price and several others at their post one rainy day and, either touched or inspired, ordered an ante-room set aside for them. This became the White House press room."

The Press was firmly situated in Congress with spacious press galleries finally at their disposal and with a foot inside the White House door, so it is small wonder that Washington came to be notable for the physical advantages accorded to newspaper people.

Even the Supreme Court now—but only recently—has an attaché whose job it is to aid the press.

LET me say that the much maligned press officer, or publicity man or whatever you may care to call him in Government service can be valuable.

He can be valuable to you and to me

and to every individual who wants to know the true story of Government. But the press officer is valuable only when the reporter uses him. He loses his value and merits the ill repute in which he sometimes is held when he—the press officer—uses the reporter. But I am convinced that is the fault of the newspaperman who is used and who lazily accepts a mimeographed handout as the whole story without inquiring what is behind it.

One of the able men in Government service is Michael J. McDermott, chief of the Division of Current Information in the Department of State. McDermott is the department's publicity man. I have heard the ill-informed discuss and condemn the practise of employing men or women to link the business of Government with those who write the news. You will observe that I restrict my reference to a link between the business of government and those who write the news. There are other phases of Government publicity which do NOT directly relate themselves to my subject. There are bales of handouts which are useless to us.

But within the limit I have established, I always am prepared to defend the theory back of the designation of a press officer. I'll give you an example of what I mean. The *United Press* was the only press association to send a reporter all the way with Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles when the latter visited Europe in March and April. Everett Holles, one of the men on our New York cable desk, sailed with Welles from New York and returned with him.

WITH Washington today the news center, an article describing the inception of the corps years ago this month is particularly timely.

Timely, too, are Lyle C. Wilson's observations on newshandling, press conferences, Uncle Sam related topics. This article, with minor changes before the recent convention of Sigma Delta Chi.

A native of Topeka, Kan., Lyle Wilson began boy stuffing Sunday supplements in the paper. His first work as a reporter was on the *Daily Oklahoman*, educated at the University of Oklahoma and London.

It was in London, in 1922, that he joined the United States in 1924 to become night cable editor. Two years later was made day cable editor. Then moved to the Washington bureau in 1927 and became its manager.

ry, Correspondents' Corps Began the Capital

WILE C. WILSON

Washington Bureau, the United Press

A few hours before Welles and his party were to depart from Rome for Berlin, the *United Press* in New York received urgent telephonic and cable advice that Holles was having difficulty obtaining the proper German visa. It looked very much as though not even the *United Press* would have a reporter with Welles from start to finish.

The problem of that visa landed in my lap as do many problems of the *United Press* and foreign governments. There were two places of appeal in Washington. One of them was the State Department and the other was the German embassy.

I established quick contact with McDermott and with the embassy. McDermott was able to perform every service that was possible, which means that the United States embassy in Rome was urged from Washington to do everything in its power to facilitate Holles' visa. The embassy was entirely cooperative. Some 10 minutes before Welles' train was to have left Italian soil altogether, the visa came through.

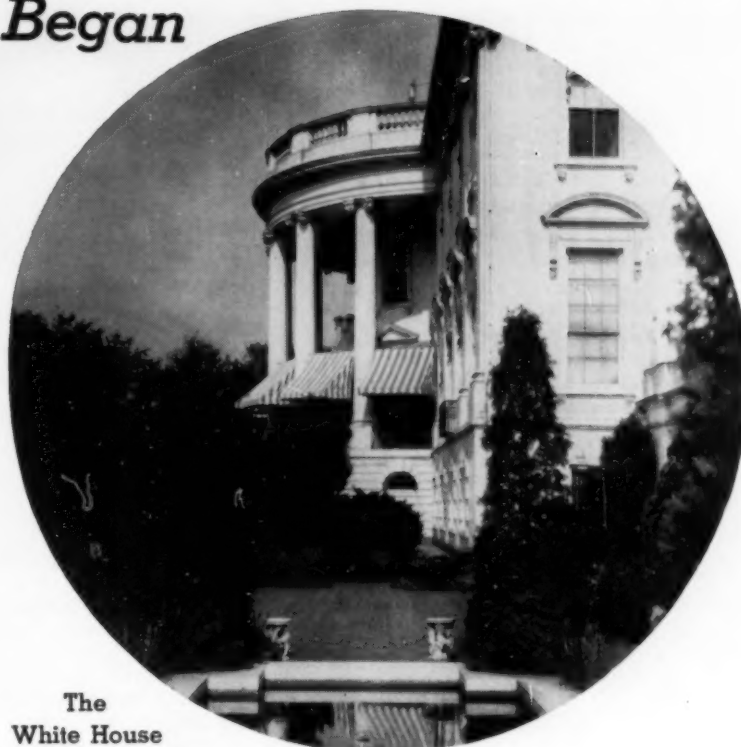
THE history of Washington as a news center has been an almost uninterrupted triumph of newsmen and women seeking freer access to the facts. But there have been minor reverses. Twice in 1929 Paul R. Mallon, then covering the Senate for the *United Press* and now a nationally known columnist, reported roll calls taken by the Senate in secret session. After the second such experience of leaking secrets the Senate somewhat angrily barred newspapermen from going on the Senate floor

news center of the world—the accompanying the corps of correspondents in the capital 139 ly timely.

son's observations and anecdotes concerning Uncle Sam's public information men and other minor changes, is the account he presented before Delta Chi.

Wilson began his journalistic career as a school in the pages of the *Topeka Daily Capital*. His *Daily Oklahoman*, of Oklahoma City. He was Oklahoma and Missouri and the University of

he joined the *United Press*. He returned to the night cable editor in the New York bureau and able editor. He was transferred to the Washington manager in 1933.



The
White House

during sessions. But we get along very well without that privilege.

Much more important was the fact that after discovering its inability to keep such information from the public, the Senate practically abandoned secret sessions. They used to take place whenever the Senate voted upon a nominee for public office. They rarely take place now. There was none at the last session of Congress and I do not recall more than a couple in the past 10 years.

The public is entitled to know what Congress is saying and doing. The public does know now much more completely than it did before Paul Mallon brought off his two notable scoops. His was a real public service.

I do not suggest that the public knows nor that Washington newspaper reporters know all that goes on within the Government. A certain degree of secrecy is essential. I think all of us could agree on that. But reporters and public officials—especially public officials in the Executive branch of Government—most frequently are in dispute on the degree of permissible secrecy. The less of it, the better, to my way of thinking.

Concealment of facts sometimes leads to the circulation of false news. Never was careful, objective reporting more necessary to the well being of the press and of the nation than today. That responsibility is heavy upon Washington reporters. Our task is to discover and circulate the facts and we resent the impudence of public servants who would conceal facts to which the public has a legitimate claim.

And yet I have considerable sympathy with such a harried and efficient public servant as Henry L. Stimson who was named Secretary of State when I was covering the State Department. Within a

year Stimson was involved in delicate and difficult negotiations with Great Britain on the limitations of armament. It seems strange now to be talking of limitations of armament. But 10 years ago Washington and London were full of it as a means toward the better life.

We reporters saw Mr. Stimson daily at department press conferences and we asked him sharp and pointed questions. We pressed him hard. Exasperated one day he refused to answer further.

"Gentlemen," he said, "these negotiations would not survive free daily discussion of their development in the daily press. I must tell you that attempting to carry on these diplomatic conversations while you gentlemen ask questions is very much like a man going out to stalk a moose—accompanied by a brass band."

MORE recently—some few months ago—I encountered suppression of news which I liked much less. It was toward the early part of the war when British interference with United States shipping was arousing considerable feeling.

To me in confidence was shown the report of an American skipper, the master of an American ship. It told how an armed party of seven British customs or naval ratings came aboard, took the vessel off its course and through dangerous mined waters to a rendezvous in Scotland. There its cargo was to be checked for contraband, its mail seized and its passenger list examined. The American master protested but obeyed.

His report of some 2,000 words told the story simply and with effect. Minute by minute and hour by hour he logged the seizure of an American ship. I thought that report was a matter of public interest. The man who showed it to me had no

authority to make it public. There were so few copies that it easily could have been traced to him if it had been published.

But I knew that report had been filed with the State Department. I sought it there. I was told that the report had been received but that I could not have it. Nor would the shipmaster or his company let us have a copy of it.

I do not feel that a single instance of that kind would warrant a reporter or the corps of Washington reporters getting red headed about suppression of news. But I am persuaded that an accumulation of such instances would and should have just that result. Both the United States Maritime Commission and the ship owners probably would have been glad to make the report public. They were restrained by the State Department.

BUT please do not assume that only the Executive Department of the Government or only the present Administration has suppressed news.

Every Administration with which I have had experience has practiced the policy of HOLD-out as well as the policy of HAND-out. Individual Congressmen are guilty, too. If the executive session has been abandoned in practice by the House and Senate, the committees of Congress still do much work in secret.

I do not complain of that. Much committee work should be in secret. A military officer, for instance, could not freely discuss in a public hearing certain vital matters of national defense. But Congress must know of those things and it is in secret committee meetings that members of Congress are informed.

So I say secret sessions have their uses. But the newspaper reporter and the public are entitled to know at least what action has been decided upon in secret session and by whom.

Last session the House Judiciary Committee tabled the so-called "clean politics" bill to bar certain categories of state officials from pernicious political activity.

Chairman Hatton W. Summers, a Texas Democrat and one of the ablest men in Congress, not only refused to make the committee roll call public but prevented even committee members from knowing how their colleagues voted. I think the public was entitled to know who voted to table that bill—or any other bill—and who voted to permit it to be discussed on the floor of the House.

Here is a little item of \$231,950,090 which was considered by the Senate Commerce Committee of which Senator Josiah W. Bailey, of North Carolina, is chairman. It was a rivers and harbors authorization bill. In secret session the Commerce Committee voted to report that bill to the Senate with a recommendation that it do pass. But Bailey refused to make public the roll call by which that action was taken. Other committee members said they would make it public if he did not. So the public finally got the facts in that instance. Certainly the action of a Congressional committee on the expenditure



Lyle C. Wilson

of so large a sum is public business of which the public should be informed.

There are many instances of that kind. But aggressive, alert reporting constantly seeks to breach the walls which Government has marked SECRET.

WHOLLY pernicious is the habit of both Houses of Congress of acting sometimes upon measure of great public interest without any roll call whatever. Voice or teller votes do save time and may be condoned on minor questions for that reason.

But when a matter of public policy is to be decided, officials should be on record—yes or no. Action without roll call is permissible under the rules of both houses. There is no protection against it except the protests of members themselves who often force a vote over the objections of others who would prefer not to be on record.

Still, all the news of Washington cannot be printed. There are matters of national defense, of diplomatic negotiation which must be subject to certain restrictions. Last spring my own bureau turned up a story that agreement had been reached tentatively for a large Allied purchase of American airplanes. The deal provided the Allies should pay not only for the planes but for the costly research through which they were designed and built.

We cracked that story out about midday. Almost immediately I had a call from the Treasury. Secretary of Treasury Morgenthau wanted to know where we had obtained the story.

That I could not disclose. It was explained to me that the Treasury's interest was based on fear that premature knowledge that the Allies had undertaken to pay research costs might cause the deal to fall through.

SOME 500 men and women are listed in the Congressional Directory as members of the Congressional Press Galleries. Leo

Rosten, whom I previously mentioned, analyzed that list and found that 279 of those listed would meet these specifications:

Writers of news dispatches or columns of national political content for daily United States newspapers or press associations of general circulation with a circulation in excess of 75,000. That eliminated desk men, foreigners, regional men, cartoonists, most of the local newspaper people and some others.

Those 279 men and women write most of the big news out of Washington, but the total number of accredited newspaper people is around 500. To be accredited in the Congressional Directory is to be accredited everywhere in Washington in the pursuit of news. Observe how the gallery has grown. There were two men in 1802. Silas Bent writes that in 1813 there were four Washington correspondents. Rosten continued the survey to report 58 in 1868. By 1900 the number had grown to 171—and now 500.

Since March 4, 1933, the biggest news source those Washington reporters have had to cover has been the White House. That had not been true for some years. Congress consistently made more and bigger news than the White House during both the Coolidge and Hoover Administrations.

But when President Roosevelt came in, the news balance shifted. He made the Presidential press conference what it is today—a unique, almost unbelievable institution. Foreign correspondents, witnessing it for the first time, go away muttering in their beards, if any. They just can't believe it is true.

AS noted previously, President Theodore Roosevelt established the White House press room. Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft toyed with the idea of mass press conferences. Woodrow Wilson was the first President to put them regularly into effect. For two years he received the press twice weekly but after the Lusitania was sunk he abandoned the practice.

Warren G. Harding revived it and shortly was involved in an embarrassing situation. He answered wrongly a question about the Four-Power Pacific pact under consideration by the Washington Arms Conference. There were international complications and Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State, persuaded Harding thereafter to require reporters to submit written questions in advance.

The presidential press conference thereafter began to decline. Calvin Coolidge not only required written questions in advance but usually resented any word whatever spoken to him by a press conference reporter. We stood there as a band of mutes in his presence and heard what he had to say. President Hoover maintained the written question rule and when the going got tough his subordinates frequently discarded questions which had been submitted in advance.

Mr. Hoover would shuffle through the question papers given him. He would an-

swer some, ignore others and announce: "I have no more questions." The conference then was over and we filed out.

Under those circumstances the presidential press conference was almost a delusion. A President could send up any trial balloon without a counter question from the corps. He could ignore every question submitted in advance and choose to talk about some other subject. Presidents not only could, but did. In the latter part of the Hoover Administrations many consecutive weeks elapsed when there were no press conferences at all. Average attendance at Hoover and Coolidge conferences was under 20 and often fewer than half a dozen reporters would be there.

YOU should see those conferences now. I have not missed many of President Roosevelt's conferences. Never have I met with fewer than 100 of my colleagues on such occasions. A normal attendance is around 200 reporters. Mr. Roosevelt abandoned written questions. He invited us to fire at will and that we do.

But even the Roosevelt conferences have diminished in news interest. At the outset, with every condition and ill of the country attributable to events preceding his own inauguration, Mr. Roosevelt could and would answer almost any question.

Progressively that condition has altered so that there are areas of news on which the President will not be drawn out. But his press conference remains unique. No other head of state undertakes such a task. All accredited reporters are welcome, foreign and American alike. The foreigners, however, do not ask questions. That is on their own motion and not by request of the White House.

Twice a week is the White House press conference schedule. The fact that a big crowd continues to appear is proof that Washington reporters count that assignment as "must."

Several devices aid Mr. Roosevelt in fencing with the press to avoid unwelcome questions. He is ready with sally and wise crack to provoke a laugh. Sometimes a second question will come up in time to protect him against answering the first. The size of the crowd, itself, is a protection to him. But a persistent reporter can obtain an answer—or a direct refusal to answer—if he stands his ground.

I have heard more big news break in Mr. Roosevelt's press conferences than at any other source I have covered. He sits behind his big desk, smoking a cigaret, and he hits page one every time.

Secretary of State Hull has daily press conferences. Other officials and cabinet officers have them on a less frequent schedule or occasionally, as circumstances warrant. For years the State Department has been attempting to solve the press conference problem. Foreigners participate with American newspaper reporters—another instance of the unusual welcome which is given newspapermen and women in Washington. But the State Department likes foreign press conference representation less than does the White House. Efforts

to devise conferences for Americans only have produced no workable plan so far.

I NEED not tell you the anxiety with which Americans read Washington news whether it be a matter of relief appropriations, or a tax bulge. And do not forget that Washington is a local news beat for every newspaper in the United States. The appointment of a postmaster, the allocation of thousands or millions of dollars of Federal money for some local improvement, publication of the local merchant's annual income—all of these are stories which some individual paper must have. They are as important as anything the Mayor of Hometown may say in his own city hall.

Government is bigger, it is more centralized than it used to be. The larger it becomes, the more its centralization links the individual directly with Washington—the heavier are the responsibilities of Washington reporters.

Much of the confusion which marked the first months of the first Roosevelt Administration has departed. On March 9, 1933, Congress met in special session to enact legislation to open the nation's banks. The bill was drafted but by noon of that day very few copies were available. Newspapermen covering the House told me that the majority leader moved adoption of the bill after the briefest debate. He was challenged by Congressmen who shouted they were being asked to vote on a bill they never had seen.

The majority leader waved the bill over his head. But it was not the bank bill he brandished and that the House enacted. It was a tightly rolled copy of a Washington newspaper.

That would not happen under existing circumstances.

WASHINGTON still is making big news. Within a few weeks our Government may have to decide questions vitally affecting the future of Europe. Taxes and spending, methods and policies of Government are coming up for critical review.

Washington is a hot spot for foreign newspaper readers. What government does in Washington may be important to pocketbooks and living standards in Europe, Asia and Africa as well as in the western hemisphere. Washington sets for the world the price of gold. Upon the distribution of the United States fleet depends the distribution of the warships of other powers.

The fact that our fleet now is based in the Pacific is a factor in permitting Great Britain to limit its naval establishment in the Far East.

Washington decides whether Japan shall continue to purchase here materials vital to her invasion of China. Likewise, Washington determines whether China may obtain credit here and how much.

There's also the problem of deciding whether the Allies shall be permitted to obtain credit in the United States despite prohibitions effected because both England and France defaulted their World War debts. Some responsible persons be-

lieve that Washington's decision on Allied credit will determine the winner and the loser in the current European war.

I can assure you that for some time to come Washington will remain a vital news center both for the United States and for the World!

Job Hunting?

[Concluded from page 6]

worth of advertising at much lower cost. That's where you have the jump on a fellow who operates a print shop.

WHERE to begin? Now I'm not advising you young fellows to start a mimeographed publication in a town where there is already a regular weekly or daily newspaper, although some chaps have done so, and made a success of it. I'm thinking of those thousands of towns of from 350 to 550 or more people throughout the United States that do not have newspapers, but whose people WANT some sort of a publication. You can open up in such a town, have no competition and branch out to cover another small town if you care to, and perhaps the rural area. In that way you will have circulation that will sell advertising for you right and left.

A printed newspaper can barely survive in a town of 450 population, unless it has a large and profitable job department. However, a mimeographed publication can survive in such a town and make a comfortable living for the owner.

I know what I'm talking about, too. I'm the associate editor of a national feed magazine in Milwaukee. Tiring of city life I moved to Delafield, Wis., a small town of 400 people, 35 miles out. From Delafield I commute to work in Milwaukee.

When the local merchants heard I was a writer, they asked me to provide them with a newspaper. I looked over the situation and advised them that a printed newspaper was OUT, that there wasn't enough potential advertising revenue to make it pay. However, I did say that a mimeographed publication could be made to earn a profit.

I went ahead with the project, got it started two years ago, and hired a World War veteran to handle it, since I didn't want to give up my Milwaukee job. That mimeographed paper is a success. It is making good money for me. If I had the time to devote to it, I believe I could increase the gross ad volume about 60 per cent through intensive solicitation. So it can be done.

You young fellows with plenty of ambition, and with a small amount of cash, pick out a small town for yourself, buy some used equipment and go to it. Here is your chance to get into business for yourself. Later, if you care to, you can branch into a full-fledged printed newspaper.

Opportunity beckons from hundreds of American towns that at present have no publications of any kind. What are YOU going to do about it?

THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

Syndicate Fiction

THE newspaper fiction market has shriveled up to a comparatively few large syndicates, for which soothing romances and rousing adventure serials are written within well defined space limitations. A part of this market is out of the reach of freelancers through the practice of serializing successful books and magazine fiction.

That part of the market which does exist is an active, steady purchaser of manuscripts with the promise of substantial recognition and remuneration for those who can make the grade. One sale usually paves the way for repeat sales. The requirements of this market are definite, being subject to only slight fluctuation. The freelancer does not have the competition of the output of staff writers, although the highly successful serial writers are often under contract.

It is one of the most stable departments of professional writing. The serials purchased are standard fiction. Nothing radical, nothing controversial, nothing for a limited reader audience, and nothing morbid.

Wholesome, entertaining romance is the safest theme in approaching this market. Stirring adventure yarns against well-known backgrounds are always acceptable. Mystery serials, which can develop a high degree of suspense, are sure-fire. Sports serials are seldom purchased because the editors will usually figure that the story is catering to a limited number of newspaper readers.

THE popularity of serials among newspaper readers would probably shock many a desk editor, who begrudges the space they command. They have the effect, like comics, to give a newspaper reader continuity. Once a reader has become engrossed in a serial, he will see to it that

he does not miss a single installment, which means he gets a copy of the paper every day.

Much good everyday reading matter has been produced for the newspaper syndicates. Because of the economy of syndication, papers can purchase serials in ready-to-print plates or mat forms cheaper than they could pay for their own linotype composition. Yet the writers are well paid, on the whole. Newspaper serials will bring a check up to \$500 and there is always the possibility of additional income from the same serial from radio or movie adaptations.

The daily short story still thrives to some extent in the newspaper syndicate field although the dimensions of this market cannot compare with those of the serial. The serial is an integral part of present day newspapers and is a worthwhile field of compensation and recognition for the capable fiction author to cultivate.

Here are a few guideposts to this field:

Adams Service, 444 Madison Ave., New York City. Jessie Sleight, Editor. Serial fiction from 30 to 36 chapters of 1,800 words per chapter. Buys syndicate rights and a share of all other rights. Payment by arrangement with author.

Associated Press Service, 380 Madison Ave., New York City. William T. McCleery, Editor. Serials up to 50,000 words. Action and romance strongly favored. Love interest almost essential. Serials with a seasonal peg should be submitted well in advance.

Central Press Association, 1435 E. 12th St., Cleveland, O. Leslie Eichel, Editor. One of the best markets for long serials, up to 75,000 words. Good payment and made within a week of acceptance.

Chicago Daily News, 400 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. John P. Lally, Editor. Buys shorts around 2,000 words every day in year, except Sundays. Also 25,000-word serials in 12 installments. Fiction is widely syndicated.

News Syndicate, Inc., 220 E. 42nd St., New York City. Good serials from 30-50,000 words and daily short stories up to 1,800 words.

King Features Syndicate, 235 E. 45th St., New York City. Serials are purchased for newspaper syndication and publication in the *American Weekly*. Excellent payment.

Ledger Syndicate, Independence Square, Philadelphia. H. W. Miner, Editor. An old-time stand-by in fiction syndication. Specializes in fiction suitable for a full page spread in standard-sized newspaper, 3,500 to 4,000 words.

McClure Newspaper Syndicate, 75 West Street, New York City. Page fiction around 3,500 words purchased at usual payment of \$25. **N.E.A. Service, Inc.**, 461 Eighth Ave., New York City. Human interest fiction of 3,000 words. Query first on serials.

North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc., 247 W. 43rd St., New York City. Interested in serials of about 65,000 words.

Star Features Syndicate, 134 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa. Handles book length novels for serialization and book publication.

Contests

In conjunction with the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, E. P. Dutton and Company will offer annually a cash prize of \$2,500, together with a gold medal to be known as the Thomas Jefferson Medal, for the best book manuscript submitted by a Southern author. One thousand dollars of the award is offered as a cash prize, and \$1,500 as an advance on royalties.

The contest is now open and will close April 13, 1941, the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson. Manuscripts should not be less than 50,000 words in length. Both fiction and non-fiction are eligible, but not poetry. Manuscripts need not be Southern in subject or setting. And authors are not limited to one entry. The competition is open to authors born in the South, regardless of present residence, and to those now living in the South who have resided there for at least five years, regardless of place of birth. Authors of previously published books are eligible. The winning manuscript will be published in October, 1941. . . . If, in the opinion of the judges, no manuscript worthy of the prize has been submitted before April 13, 1941, the time limit may be extended or the prize withheld.

In addition to the prize-winning manuscript, all manuscripts submitted are to be considered available for possible publication as *Virginia Quarterly Review* Books, subject to contractual terms to be proposed, and published by E. P. Dutton and Company. This series is also open to writers from any part of the United States or from foreign countries. The editor selected to take charge of manuscripts is Dr. Dan S. Norton of the University of Virginia.

All manuscripts should be typed and should be sent prepaid to: *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, Charlottesville, Va. For further details and application blanks, write to *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, One West Range, Charlottesville, Va.

★

Dramatists' Alliance of Stanford University offers a sixth annual series of competitions in dramatic writing, closing date to be April 15, 1941. Since the University celebrates this year its first 50 years of service (1891-1941), it is hoped that writers will use materials or characters of the period covered, but not required. Awards of one hundred dollars in cash and production at the University, with guaranty of recommendation to Samuel French, National Broadcasting Company, American Educational Theatre Association, and such famous community playhouses as Pasadena, are offered for verse drama and prose comedy (full length or one-act). Fifty dollars and the same recommendations are offered for short plays taking 20 or 25 minutes, and suitable for radio use. Fifty dollars and presentation in the Alliance's publications are offered for dramatic criticism (brief or extended).

All materials submitted should be legibly typed or written on one side of white sheets of paper, strongly clipped or bound, and accompanied by self-addressed envelope with correct return postage. A fee of one dollar is charged for expenses of annual correspondence, filing, express costs to judges and production centers. Prizes are presented in August during *Dramatists' Assembly*, annual meeting of contributors and general public at which winning plays are discussed and presented and general problems of theatre are canvassed.

Contests are open to all writers of English, regardless of age, position, or previous training. For full details of competition, publications of the association, and possible membership, address the Proctor for Awards in Drama, English Department, Stanford University, Calif.

MELVILLE JACOBY (Stanford '38) who was sent, late in the fall, to cover the campaign in French Indo-China for the *United Press*, was arrested Nov. 21 with U. S. Vice Consul Robert W. Rinden on charges of taking photographs in a Japanese military zone at Haiphong. He was released with Rinden and cleared of the charges the last of November, but Jacoby has been forbidden to send dispatches.

How Can Weekly Newspapers Get More Advertising?

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THE AMERICAN PRESS 225 W. 39th St., New York

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Delver into Dirt

YANKEE REPORTER, by S. Burton Heath. 391 pp. Wilfred Funk, Inc., 383 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. \$3.

You never know exactly what to expect when you pick up the autobiography of a newspaperman. It may turn out to be a comprehensive account of an era of American life—the era in which the reporter has moved; it may be an exciting, swash-buckling account of adventures hither and yon in search of headlines; it may be more or less a chronicle of personal adventures, anecdotes and yarns. Which ever pattern it takes, you can almost always be sure of finding it interesting.

S. Burton Heath's report of his life and journalistic endeavors to date doesn't exactly follow any of the patterns or outlines suggested here. It begins as the chronicle of the life of an American boy, born in Massachusetts and reared in Vermont, and in its first 40 pages gives a brief but clear-cut account of life in a small Vermont community before the World War.

Then follows the writer's experiences in the World War, insofar as they were reflected in his changed and expanding outlook. We next find him as the publisher of a small weekly, later a student at the University of Vermont, then back in newspaper work as a member of the AP staff in New Haven. Two years later he is a member of the *World-Telegram* staff in New York City.

From that point on, "Yankee Reporter" ceases to be so much of a personal account and becomes, instead, a searching, stabbing, shocking spotlight thrown upon the rotten spots that can and do exist in business and governmental circles.

Heath became the *World-Telegram's* watchdog of public affairs. He participated in investigation after investigation, turning up damning facts and evidence which helped remove one crooked figure after another from Manhattan's public life. He did such a splendid job that in 1940 he received the Pulitzer Prize for distinguished reporting.

The sickening story of Judge Martin Thomas Manton's betrayal of his office and oath—of his dispensing "justice" to the highest bidder—is laid before the reader. The facts need no embellishing to cause any honest man, anyone hoping for the future of Democracy, to shudder.

Added to this are the stories of patronage, of excessive fees, of the milking of property and estates by supposedly reputable judges and attorneys. It is a damning indictment of "justice" and political life that Heath pens in "Yankee Reporter."

Of the journalistic investigations and campaigns that have, are and will continue to expose and break up such conditions—so long as the press remains free to do so—Heath observes:

"I have been called a muckraker, sometimes in encomium and sometimes in dis-

paragement. If the expression means what I think it does—if by it I am marked as a 1940 disciple of Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell and Ray Stannard Baker—I accept the appellation proudly and proclaim it from the housetops. . . .

"I did not become one by deliberate choice. I hate foul odors and repulsive sights and discordant sounds as much as you do. It is not pleasant to have strangers assume, whenever I approach them professionally, that because I have done so much muckraking elsewhere I have eyes for nothing else. There is no pleasure in the company of cheap knaves who have fallen out with their fellow thieves and are ready to tell all.

"Yet somebody has to do unpleasant tasks, and he who achieves a certain success with them is liable to be saddled with more than his share. Moreover, I have to confess there is a pleasing thrill at the end to making a garden bloom where once was quicksand covered with fetid decay."

S. Burton Heath's record is one that makes a brilliant contribution to the cleansing chores the American press has done on behalf of better conditions in public affairs. It reveals what one man, with the help of others, can do toward correcting evils and abuses. It gives a hint of the tremendous job remaining to be done.

Mr. Heath has recently left the *World-Telegram* to become editor of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate and write the New York column of the "National Whirligig," news behind the news service. Here's hoping that in his new post he will continue to shed light into dark places, to continue the muckraking he has done so well in the past.

An Ohio Ode

JACOBY'S CORNERS, by Jake Falstaff. 242 pp. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$2.50.

If you are looking for a beautifully written story of life in the American Middle-West during an era fast disappearing under the impact of good roads, radio, the motor car, advertising and modern merchandising—look no farther.

"Jacoby's Corners" is such a chronicle—an enduring account of the leisurely, friendly and simple life of a rural Ohio community in the early 1900's. If you lived such a boyhood, in this volume you will find old friends—troops of memories marching back from the past, only to disappear again in the fog of uncertainty beclouding the troubled present. If such a boyhood wasn't your good fortune, you can capture something of its richness here.

The plan of the book is simple—it is the record of a New York boy's summer vacation in Ohio, spent on the farms of his grandparents and other relatives. Fitted naturally into the story of that summer is the whole background of the lives, pursuits and problems of the people of the period.

"Jake Falstaff," as you may or may not know, was the pseudonym of Herman Fetter, Ohio born, who broke into print at 16 on the *Akron Times* and remained a newspaperman until death claimed him, at the age of 35, in 1934.

During that brief lifetime, he contributed to many magazines and published two books, "The Book of Rabelais" and "Reini Kugel: Lover of This Earth." It was his column, "Pippins and Cheese," published in Cleveland and Akron papers, that brought his first recognition.

Books and Authors

"The Battle for Asia," Edgar Snow's thrilling sequel to "Red Star Over China," is one of the leading non-fiction items on the Random House list for spring.

Hallett Abend, famous Far Eastern correspondent whose manuscript on the life of Gen. Frederick Ward was stolen from him by the Japanese, has traveled from Shanghai to Manila, carrying with him new notes for the book which Doubleday, Doran will publish next year. Mr. Abend is going to Chungking via Singapore and Rangoon, over the Burma Road.

Quentin Reynolds, one of America's ace correspondents and short story writers, has returned to America in connection with the publication of his book by E. P. Dutton and Company, "The Wounded Don't Cry."

JUST OUT!



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Story of
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Along the Business Beat

[Concluded from page 4]

that he'll be having as much real fun as a police reporter before long. String along with him a year or so. He's really got something of a job on his hands.

3. Make it possible for this reporter to mingle outside offices with the people from whom he must get news. Nearly every newspaper has one or more free memberships in the Chamber of Commerce or one or two leading clubs around town. Maybe you ought to buy the memberships outright. Give one to this reporter and give him a modest expense account so that now and then he can buy the luncheons and pay the green fees himself. If possible, get the Chamber of Commerce or other business organizations to which the paper belongs to put the reporter on committees and make sure that he does a bang-up job. In short, infiltrate him into the business life of the town. The sporting editor travels with the ball club, remember.

4. By careful counsel and guidance, help the developing business reporter to retain reportorial perspective. I am not proposing a slick scheme to plant fifth columnists for business among you. The baseball writer eats and sleeps with the manager and the players but he pulls no punches on a boner. As a matter of fact, I believe that American business, having been prodded by amateurs for so these many years would rather welcome being panned—when panning is needed—by someone who is equipped to know the pros as well as the cons. The sports writers do not advocate firing a .365 hitter because he occasionally strikes out with the bases loaded.

5. Don't expect results right away. As indicated before in this listing, whoever goes on this job has got to have more time to cultivate his news sources than it takes to get thoroughly grooved in on other beats. The folks have got to get to trusting and liking him, as on any other beat, and these are more cautious, close-mouthed people as a rule.

IT seems I have directed most of these suggestions at editorial management. I have a few little rules, though, that I'd like to suggest to those who may be sent on assignments to business men:

No. 1. Shave. My apologies to the legions of well-groomed newspaper men, but I still say: Shave!

No. 2. Keep your clothes pressed, shoes brushed and linen clean. Lay aside the sports coat and slacks unless they are standard dress in your town.

No. 3. Know all you can about the man you are going to talk with, his business and the particular subject you are trying to bore into. You've heard that before, I'm sure, but it's specially important on this business assignment.

No. 4. Don't let your journalistic ire be roused if the business man doesn't welcome you like a long lost brother the first time he lays eyes on you. Don't get so annoyed with him that you slip a couple

of fast little digs into the story. It is an odd thing that some reporters who will cheerfully endure the crude hazing they sometimes get when they first go on a police beat will be vocally indignant if they have to wait a little while to see a busy executive in some private enterprise.

These observations are born of my own shortcomings as a reporter and city editor as much as of my tenure in business. Orderly personal appearance, knowledge of the prospect you are trying to sell on giving you information and a reasonably sympathetic approach to him are important for these reasons:

The man you are trying to interview is surrounded normally by rather neatly dressed, cleanly assistants, technicians, stenographers and visitors. He is used to talking with people who are reasonably well informed about the business. And he is forced to be cautious about what he says for publication because the life of the business, his own or the stockholders', and the welfare of all the employees is in his hands. One ridiculous slip and irreparable damage may be done.

Now suppose you were in that fellow's chair and in walked a young man covering up the fact that he is slightly dubious (to say the least) about the outcome of the interview by an attitude which telegraphs: "I've got the power of the press behind me, you'd better talk," and this young man's appearance was something like that of a third rate unemployed golf professional who had drowned despair in a three-day binge. Would you open up? You would not. You'd start making mental notes of what you'd say to your secretary if you got out of this session with reputation unimpaired.

THAT'S an extreme and unkind example. Let me get the point over with a positive illustration. Two or three years ago a reporter for the New York Times requested an interview with Charles F. Kettering the General Motors research man, on some public question. Busy Mr. Kettering said he could have 20 minutes.

The reporter who came out to Detroit was a neatly dressed, quiet sort of person, with a friendly grin, who could ask crisp, pertinent questions. It took him about five minutes to get the statement he came after. It was obvious that "Boss Kett" was impressed.

We started to leave. The research man waved us back to our chairs and started asking questions about what other people thought about the matter in hand. In the course of this give and take, the reporter casually inserted a query about the scientist's investigation into how plants capture energy from the sun. He used a couple of technical terms correctly.

Instantly, "Boss Kett" shot at the reporter: "How did you know anything about that?" The reporter pulled the throttle on his friendly smile and replied: "Well, Mr. Kettering, I studied a little

chemistry once, too." "You must have," "Boss Kett" smiled, and launched into an explanation of his experiments that lasted an hour.

The reporter came out with a Sunday feature for which, he told me later, he got a bonus. I'll venture that he still is the best informed newspaperman on the study of chlorophyll in the United States.

I have sat at one side in many interviews and press conferences and wished that the boys would use more of the selling skill shown by that Times man.

NOW, despite the critical observations here and there in this discourse, I want to go back to my declaration in the beginning that, be that as it may, the press does a good job for the public and there are thousands of reporters basically just as competent, friendly and unbiased as that New York Times man, whether the average business man believes it or not. But business across the country just doesn't get to see them often enough.

I have just one closing note. We have heard a lot about national unity recently. I am in no wise a spokesman for business, but it would be my lay observation as just an anxious citizen that all of the exhortation boils down to "Come on into camp, you business men."

There's nothing the average business man would rather do . . . as a matter of fact, he's already there, as is attested by the way he picked up his share of the national defense job months ago . . . but gosh, how he'd like to feel that he is among friends.

I have the conviction that the press can do more than any other agency toward healing the wounds, not just of the recent campaign, but of the last eight years by just doing a workmanlike job of rounding out the daily coverage of business.

—30—

FREDERICK J. LAZELL (Iowa State Professional), professor of journalism at the State University of Iowa, Des Moines, from 1924 to 1937, died Sept. 23 at Des Moines of pneumonia. He started as a reporter on the Cedar Rapids (Ia.) *Republican*, later serving as managing editor and then editor, before joining the faculty at the University of Iowa.

THEODORE HAMPTON BREWER (Oklahoma Professional), veteran English professor at the University of Oklahoma and first director of the school of journalism, died Sept. 19 of cerebral hemorrhage. A member of the university faculty for 32 years, Mr. Brewer had served since 1908 as head of the department of English, a post from which he resigned two years ago to devote his full time to teaching and study. With Jerome Dowd, professor of sociology, Mr. Brewer jointly offered the first course in journalism in the university in 1908. Both had been newspapermen before joining the university faculty. As a result of their pioneer work, a school of journalism was established in 1913 and Mr. Brewer became its first director. Mr. Brewer was a charter member of the University of Oklahoma chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, and for many years served as toastmaster at the fraternity's annual gridiron dinner, "Five Star Final."

THE QUILL for January, 1941

WHO · WHAT · WHERE

LIEUT. ELLSWORTH CHUNN (Northwestern '38), Chairman of the Board of Publications at the University of Tulsa, has been ordered to active duty with the United States Army. He has been granted leave of absence so that he may serve at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, with the 25th Infantry.

GRANT PARR (Nebraska '36), an instructor in journalism, history and English at the American University at Cairo, Cairo, Egypt, has been acting recently as NBC's reporter at Cairo, his report being heard over stations of the Red Network.

JOSEPH A. BRANDT (Oklahoma '21), who began his career in Oklahoma as a newspaperman, will become the seventh president of the University of Oklahoma next Aug. 1, it has been announced by the board of regents.

Born in Seymour, Ind., Mr. Brandt was educated in the Tulsa schools and then entered the University of Oklahoma. He was managing editor and later editor of the campus paper, the *Oklahoma Daily*, worked summer vacations on the *Sapulpa Herald*, was graduated in 1921 and named Oklahoma Rhodes Scholar to Oxford. During the summer before going to Oxford, he worked on the *Ponca City News*, to which he returned in 1924 following his work at Oxford.

Successively he became assistant city editor of the *Tulsa World*, then city editor; editor of the University of Oklahoma Press, and, in 1938, head of the Princeton University Press, a post he relinquished some months ago to return to Oklahoma.

SAM E. WHITLOW (Baylor) has returned to the Oklahoma A. and M. College staff as associate professor of journalism. Whitlow, who holds his B.A. and M.A. degrees from Baylor University and who has done advanced study at the University of Missouri, was during the past year information assistant with the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in Oklahoma. Previously, he worked on newspapers in Houston and Spokane, and on the *United Press*, before being a member of the Washington State College journalism staff for seven years and two years a member of the Oklahoma A. and M. college staff as assistant professor of journalism.

GEORGE F. CHURCH (Kansas '25), until last summer associate professor of journalism at the Oklahoma A. and M. College, has been made associate editor of the agricultural experiment station, and will devote all his time to the editing work. He holds his bachelor's and master's degrees from the University of Kansas and has completed a year's work towards his doctorate.

GRANT ANDERSON (Northwestern '39) formerly of the Cleveland and Dallas bureaus of Acme Newspictures, has been transferred to the Acme staff in Washington, D. C.

GILBERT GARDNER (Washington & Lee '40) joined the staff of *Time*, New York City, Aug. 15. He managed the Campus Magazine Agency his senior year in college.

JOHN ALDEN (Ohio '32) recently left his position as Advertising Manager and Circulation Manager of the *Salamanca* (N. Y.) *Republican-Press* to become suburban editor of the *Olean* (N. Y.) *Times-Herald*.

THE QUILL for January, 1941

F. P. Stockbridge Dies



Frank Parker Stockbridge

Mr. Stockbridge, noted author and journalist and past national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, died at his home in Stockbridge, Mass., Dec. 7. He was 70 years old.

He was born in Gardiner, Me., a son of the Rev. Winfield Scott and Mrs. Emily Parker Stockbridge. He studied medicine for three years in National University, now George Washington University, in Washington, but in 1894 became a reporter for the *Buffalo Express*. He later became an editorial writer for the paper. In 1901 he was editor and publisher of the official program for the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo and in the same year founded the *American Home* magazine and was its first editor.

In 1902, Mr. Stockbridge joined the New York *American* staff. He was managing editor in 1904 of the "History of the Universal Exposition" in St. Louis; was city editor of the *New York Globe* from 1905-07; reporter on the *New York Herald*, 1907-08; political editor of the *Cincinnati Times-Star*, 1908-11, and in March, 1911, with the late Walter Hines Page opened the publicity campaign which resulted in the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for the presidency. He was in active charge of the campaign that followed.

Following that campaign, he became editor of *Town Development* magazine. From 1913-15 he was editor of *Popular Mechanics*; from 1915-17 president and managing editor of the *New York Evening Mail*. He subsequently was editor of the *Old Colony* magazine; editor and publisher of the *Co-operative Commonwealth* and editor of the *American Press*. After relinquishing the editorship of the

latter magazine, he continued his column "Today and Tomorrow," which appeared in thousands of weekly newspapers, until his death.

He was the author of several books, including: "Yankee Ingenuity in the War," "Measure Your Mind" (with M. R. Trabue), "Florida in the Making," (with John H. Perry); "The New Capitalism," "So This is Florida" and "Hedging Against Inflation." He had written many articles for the *Saturday Evening Post* and other national magazines.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Bertha Edson Lay Stockbridge and an adopted daughter, Janet Josephine Osteyee Stockbridge.

GIL LEKANDER (Montana '39) has been appointed publicity assistant at the University of Montana, Missoula.

VERDUN DASTE (Iowa '40) is with the New Orleans (La.) bureau of the *United Press*.

JOHN WILLARD (Montana '38) has been appointed editor of the *Havre* (Mont.) *Daily News*.

DAN FINDELL (Montana '39) is an advertising solicitor for the *Butte* (Mont.) *Daily Post*.

WALTER M. HARRISON (Oklahoma '20) managing editor of the *Oklahoma City* (Okla.) *Daily Oklahoman and Times*, is now on duty at Fort Sill, Okla., as a lieutenant-colonel of the 45th Division. Col. Harrison will serve in the division staff's intelligence section.

WILBUR ELSTON (Minnesota '34) has been named editor of the *Worthington* (Minn.) *Daily Globe*.

JOHN CLIFFORD (Marquette '31), editor of the *Watertown* (Wis.) *Daily Times*, was elected vice president of the Wisconsin Daily Newspaper League at a meeting of the group recently in Milwaukee. Clinton F. Karstaedt (Wisconsin Professional), business manager of the *Beloit Daily News*, was elected secretary-treasurer.

DON CARTER (Georgia '37), has accepted the newly created position of Sunday Farm Page editor of the *Atlanta* (Ga.) *Journal*. Carter formerly was connected with the reportorial staff of the *Journal*.

FRANK ORR (Stanford '35) recently was promoted to managing editor of the *Watsonville* (Calif.) *Register-Pajaronian*.



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Bombs on London

[Concluded from page 5]

I forgot to mention earlier that we have on the roof a nice big heap of sand, and that it has several times been put to good use by staffers in dealing with incendiaries. We have collected enough shrapnel to start an old iron store, and at least one beautiful shell band that came screeching down and hopped about the roof like something possessed before it came to rest. My desk in the private office is adorned with the tail of an incendiary, some prize examples of shrapnel, etc.

All staffers have co-operated magnificently, sometimes at great danger to themselves, and I continue to have nothing but the highest praise for them all. Some of the youngsters have to keep around all night, and spend night after night sleeping on one of the beds in the shelter. I get them home by cab immediately after the sounding of the all clear.

OBVIOUSLY, there will be no speedy solution of this shelter problem. As the days draw in, the night raids will start earlier and earlier and last from dusk to dawn, so that we can envisage, in the winter, "night" raids perhaps lasting from around 4:00 p. m. until 8:00 a. m. the following day.

It has killed social life, even if one desired it. Dinner is an adventure, with the majority spending one ear cocked for the 8:00 p. m. wail, and the local gag is that anyone dining out should take along pajamas and toothbrush, since the shrapnel hail makes it positively suicidal to attempt to go through the streets. Most

social functions, or I should say those few functions that remain, usually occur at lunchtime, and I myself am keeping up essential contacts by lunching rather than dining out nowadays.

There are one or two dinner and dance spots still open, but the majority of the correspondents prefer the Savoy, where dancing and dining continues in an enormous underground shelter during a raid and a mattress is provided by the management. Incidentally, the Savoy is crowded with newspaper men, but I am not particularly enamored of it, probably because of the terrific expense involved, and prefer to stay in a private apartment for as long as possible and maintain some sort of "home life."

The system I inaugurated two weeks back of giving every staffer an occasional two days off is working very well and is proving a boon, since it enables staffers to catch up on some steady sleep, out of town if they wish. The two nights I spent at Maidenhead a couple of weeks ago were a joy. The first night I slept 12½ hours solid, and the next 11.

Vacations have more or less gone by the board in view of the changed conditions.

All in all, we are making the best of conditions, but of necessity I am having to feel my way most of the time, and adapt bureau affairs to constantly changing circumstances. My chief worry is that long periods spent in shelters during winter will result in epidemic conditions, which may lay many of the staffers low. I am keeping my fingers crossed about this.

Shrines of Journalism

[Concluded from page 8]

Farmer's Weekly Museum at Walpole, N. H., who made his weekly newspaper nationally famous and who was the first "colymist" with "contrihs"; Charles G. Halpine, famous for his writings under the pen name of "Private Miles O'Reilly" and more deserving of fame because he was the inventor of a saying which most people firmly believe was said by Abraham Lincoln, i.e., that comment of "Tell me the brand of whisky that Grant drinks—I would like to send a barrel of it to each of my other generals"; Ansell Nash Kellogg, the Wisconsin country publisher who later established the first newspaper syndicate, an infant which in 75 years has grown into one of the "giants of journalism"; all these, in "their infinite variety," contributed to the rich pattern of American journalism and are deserving of more permanent monuments than have yet been erected to them.

Lastly—and because he was first!—there was John Campbell, founder in 1704 and for 18 years publisher of the Boston *News-Letter*. Several years ago a teacher

of journalism in a Western college visited Boston—the city of innumerable markers, monuments and memorials of historic personages and historic events. But she looked in vain for any memorial to John Campbell or any marker of the site where was published his Boston *News-Letter*.

So she wrote an article for a newspaper trade journal about her experience. "Should there not be" she asked, "some memorial to America's first real editor and our first successful newspaper?"

Perhaps in the near future the new Sigma Delta Chi project will answer that question!

DAVID M. NICHOL (Michigan '32) Chicago *Daily News* reporter, left by Atlantic Clipper the last of September bound for Berlin, Germany, where he is collaborating with Wallace R. Deuel (Illinois '26) who has been stationed in the German capital throughout the period of Nazi war preparations and the war itself. Mr. Nichol, only 28, is the newest *Daily News* man to be assigned to the foreign staff of the paper.

"Verities"—

[Concluded from page 9]

"When snails wear out their teeth, they are replaced by new ones." (Just keep reading the "eternal verities," and some day one of them will tell you what snails wear out their teeth on.)

"Vultures are the highest flyers of all birds, yet they have the lowest and most obnoxious tastes." (A bit catty, talking like that when there is no vulture here to defend his tribe.)

"The invention of dancing was ascribed to the god Thoth by the ancient Egyptians." (Good old Thoth—say, I'd better telephone that brunette!)

"**A**NNUALLY, more than 400,000,000,000 tons of mud are carried into the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi River." (That's nothing. You should see our local politicians sling it.)

"The Panama Canal makes San Francisco closer to Liverpool by 5,666 miles, a saving of two-fifths of the old journey." (I still couldn't swim it.)

"The temperature of the sun is about 11,000 degrees Fahrenheit." (Better pass this one by if you're clipping "verities" in August.)

"The Great Geyser of Iceland has a basin 70 feet in diameter and spouts hot water 200 feet." (Which is probably better than your janitor can do.)

"It is sometimes easier to back a car out of a mudhole rather than try to drive out forward." (This one didn't come from any encyclopedia!)

"The English coronation service introduced in 1307 is still in manuscript form in the keeping of the Dean of Westminster."

And why is it the coronation service can't find a publisher, when the "verity" about it has found hundreds? The answer is brevity, and the constant reader and the make-up man alike will tell you the same thing.

Don't try to remember them, unless you have a weakness for Napoleonic hats. They're unimportant. But if you enjoy picking up trivial information that doesn't mean much to you, if you are fascinated by reading things that evoke the reaction, "I never knew that before" (don't worry, you won't remember it in ten minutes from now, either), you needn't buy an expensive Book of Knowledge or encyclopedia.

Just read the "eternal verities" hidden away unheeded and unheralded, in your daily newspaper.

WILLARD BERGH (Washington '31), for six years reporter and sports writer for the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer* and later instructor in journalism in the Seattle Public Schools, is working part-time as Public Relations representative of the Seattle Schools and part-time associate in journalism at the University of Washington, being faculty adviser of the *University of Washington Daily*.

HARRY PRESS (Stanford '38) has left the Anaheim (Calif.) *Bulletin* to join the Palo Alto (Calif.) *Times*.

THE QUILL for January, 1941

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

Our congressmen theoretically should be natural leaders, above the average of the mob in intelligence, patriotism and devotion to the interests of the nation. They should "use their own judgment," and what the mob thinks ought not to be a factor in their decisions. If we had more congressional actions based upon this true conception of the American republican government, we should have better government; and if we had more college professors who understood that our republic is supported by representative leadership instead of the passing fancies of the mob, perhaps we should have both better colleges and better Congressmen. And we could stand improvement in both.

Yours very truly,

Julian Capers, Jr.,
Longview, Texas.

STORIES relating how newspaper correspondents manage at times to outwit the censors and get important information past them to the home offices always find willing listeners in newspaper circles.

So we believe you'll be interested in the following examples, taken from a recent article by Eric Berger, managing editor of *Better English*, which appeared in the *World Digest*. They are reprinted with the permission of both Mr. Berger and W. M. Clayton, editor of *World Digest*.

"When Hitler's blitzkrieg struck the Netherlands," Mr. Berger relates, "the Dutch clamped tight a vise-like censorship. But a dispatch to the *New York Herald Tribune* from Beach Conger, its Amsterdam correspondent, which read: 'It's quiet here in Holland—just like around New Orleans about the first of June,' enabled the *Herald Tribune* to beat the *New York Times* with the news that the neutral Netherlands had been invaded and that the Dutch had opened their dikes. Conger, filing his dispatch under the eye of a censor ready to pounce upon and tear out any real news, sent this message of peace and good will from a war-stabbed neutral: 'It's quiet here in Holland—just like around New Orleans about the first of June.' But night city editor Henley Hill rushed the extra out on the street, for the shrewd Hill, reading behind the lines, knew that at New Orleans June is the time when the sullen Mississippi rises to flood the surrounding countryside.

"**DURING** the Boer War, the censorship ring was cinched tight and when peace negotiations between the Boers and the British were commenced May 15, 1902, at Vereeniging, Lord Kitchener, fearful that premature newspaper comment would abort the hair-triggered negotiations, turned the war correspondents out of the Peace Camp, fenced it with barbed wire and posted sentries under orders to shoot.

"When the talks were deadlocked for 15

days, speculation surged high back home in London. The *London Daily Mail*, however, for whom Edgar Wallace (later to achieve fame as a novelist) was covering the war, daily chagrined both the government and its rivals by publishing definite and authoritative reports on the state of the negotiations. When the *Daily Mail* came out on the street with the news of peace the columns of rival papers were filled with long editorials upholstered with conjecture. The following day Balfour officially announced that the treaty had been signed and its rivals accused the *Daily Mail* of angling its information by baiting War Office clerks with bribes. Wallace's scheme was actually much simpler.

"Among the sentries assigned to the Peace Camp Edgar Wallace had found an old crony of his service days whom he made a party to his plot and equipped with three colored handkerchiefs: red, blue and white. It was arranged that the red would signify negotiations were at a stalemate, the blue that progress was being made, the white that the treaty was to be signed. While his fellow correspondents gnawed their nails and killed time, Wallace nonchalantly traveled back and forth on a train which at one point passed within sight of the Peace Camp. At the time when the train sped by the camp the sentry always managed to casually stroll near the fence and busily wipe his nose with the appropriate handkerchief in plain view. The color of the handkerchief displayed dictated the contents of Wallace's dispatches. Lord Kitchener never forgave Wallace."

"**I**f no news at all is bad," Mr. Berger continues, "the wrong news is sometimes worse. And a censor was once the unwitting agent of such news.

"When Pope Leo XIII lay on his deathbed in 1903, hundreds of newspapermen hurriedly dispatched to Rome were anxiously waiting for the news to break. The usual attempts to bribe servants were useless. Vatican attachés were stonily silent and the news to a waiting world was: no news at all.

"One of the correspondents shrewdly planned to steal a march on his colleagues by using the censor as his tool. With the regularity of a train dispatcher he filed a two-word cable every hour. The message read: 'Pope Dead.' If it wasn't true, the reporter reasoned, they'll kill the cable; if the Pope is dead, I'll be first with the news.

"On the third day of the death watch, the censor somehow slipped up on his job and the erroneous report was sped on its way to plunge a news-hungry world into mourning—the biggest false news item until the premature armistice report in 1918 took top honors in that field."

THEN Mr. Berger relates a yarn having to do with the time Whit Burnett and Martha Foley, now editors of *Story* magazine, were covering events in the Balkans and obtained exclusive possession of vitally important news.

"It was found impossible," he adds, "for

them to sneak the information past the censors undisguised, so they wrote a short story laid in a mythical Graustarkian kingdom into which they wove the gist of their exclusive material. The Vienna office to which the yarn was dispatched could make neither head nor tail of it and in great disgust, tossed it back in their laps."

"But the prize," says Mr. Berger, "goes to a New York reporter. When yellow jack broke out among the American troops stationed at Guantanamo during the Spanish American war, the government immediately shackled the correspondents, and news that the troops were down with fever was not permitted to leave the island. The chief correspondent of the *New York Sun* filed an innocent-looking routine dispatch to his editor, however, in which he reported on his colleagues as follows: 'Everything O.K. with the *Sun* boys. Anderson gone to Kingston. Lloyd is here. Carroll on yacht. JACK OCHRE is with troops at Guantanamo. Richardson is in camp.' The stranger introduced in the message—Jack Ochre—was all the information needed. Minutes later streamer headlines informed the United States public that yellow fever had broken out among the troops.

"There are more ways than one of getting around the censor's ominous —."

LEO MELZER (Indiana '40) recently joined the staff of the Evanston (Ill.) *News-Index* as a reporter.

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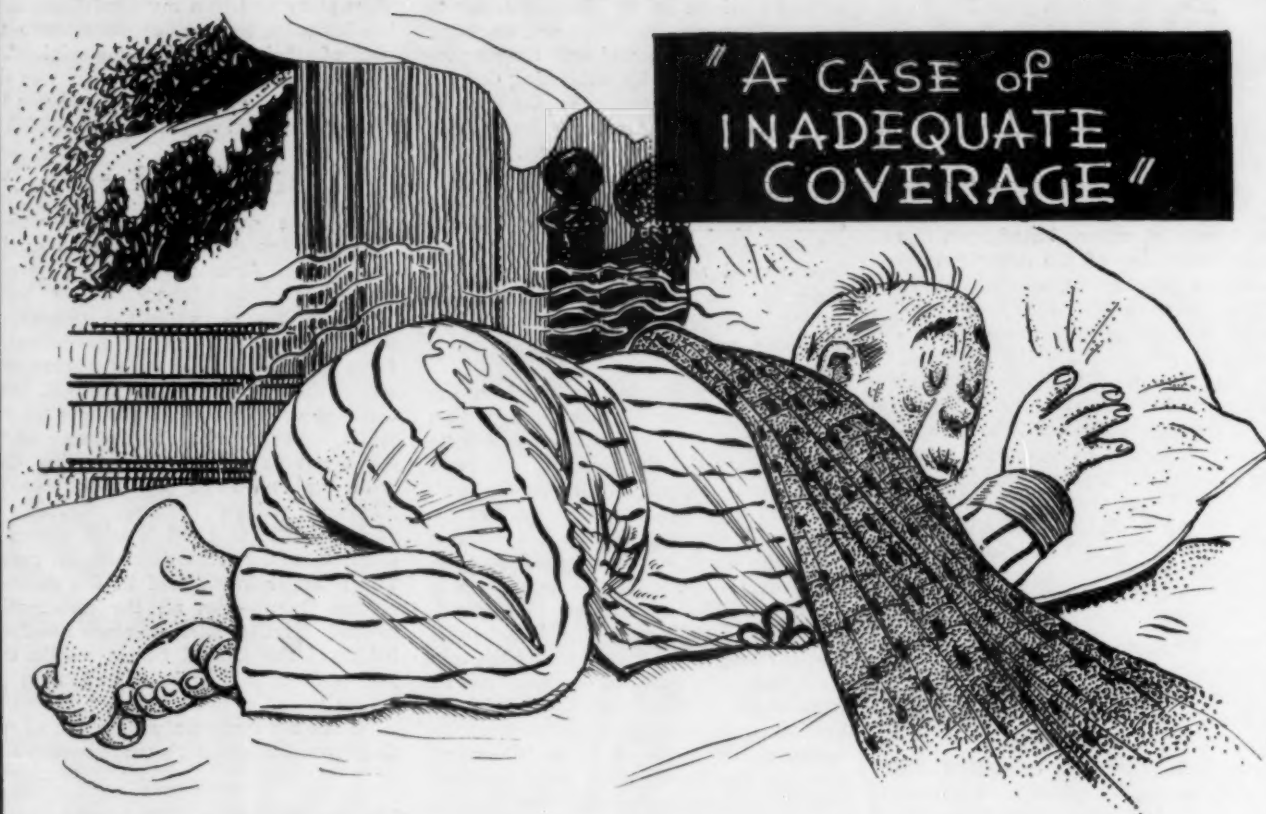
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